3: Mackenzie M-5 (ca. 1925) 1925
FN17 Ngonde FN17



fearsome thing. It is sometimes hollowed out, by burning and hewing, miles from the shore, even up in the hills, and has to be dragged down by long-stretching teams, who will be entertained to a beer feast when the canoe is launched. The tree selected is not necessarily a straight one. A bend does not seem to matter, and some amazing things are afloat on the lake, and in regular use. But the Konde are not sailors, and compared, for example, with the Atonga, half-way down the lake, the number of canoes is very small indeed. The Konde catch their fish by setting lines of traps across the rivers; only a few bolder spirits venture out on the lake with nets.

Many years ago I was travelling with a team of hill-men, and not knowing the men I had to deal with, I crossed a deep river, swarming with crocodiles, by the first canoe that offered, leaving the men to follow, as I had no doubt they would readily do. But I had miscalculated. Not a man would enter the canoe, nor had the jeers of the villagers any effect whatever upon them. Finally I called for the canoe to ferry me back, with the intention of driving my reluctant highlanders, willy nilly, into it; but the threat was sufficient, and four or five ventured, planting their feet in the bottom, and stooping down to hold on to the sides with their hands. Half-way over, the canoe capsized, the men struggled, blowing and shouting, to my side of the river, and one or two villagers plunged in to retrieve my bed which was floating gracefully down the stream. The rest of my carriers,